Being the Queer Object Found by Buster John, Sweetest Susan, Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, Under the Guidance of Wally Wanderson.

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> > blind path. In to this the little old man strick. He

followed it perhaps twenty yards, and paused near a tall pine sapling, which was bare of limbs for some distance up

they seemed to be standing perfectly

When the trees and the fields and the

rest of the world, as it seemed to them, were flying by them so rapidly that they were merely blurs on the eyesight, Drusilla

As soon as she did this, she appeared to be standing still. And in a half a minute

be standing still. And in a half a minute they were standing still, or rather the field and trees had ceased to race by them. "Now, then," said Wally Wanderoon,

There was, however, a very simple and

and Billy Biscuit were walking sidewise, so that although it was down hill before and behind them, they found themselves always

'fo' we er gallopin' on our all-fours, er standin' on our heads—I bet vou dat."

To be continued.

FRENCH TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Jockey Freeman Talks of Turf Method

on the Other Side.

who sailed for France last week, will begin

Before sailing he talked as follows of the

"I left for France at the close of the Sara

toga meeting in 1900. I realized then that

I had just about lost my usefulness on this

side, so I determined to ride in Europe.

France at the time, in fact he was the first

Vankee rider to invade the French turf.

We had for competitors a lot of English

hove who had been raised in France. Na-

tive French boys do not seem able to ac

are not amenable to discipline and the difficulty in inducing them to obey orders

usually discourages the average trainer.

"I found conditions over there different

from those prevailing in this country. It

is easy to understand why English or

American horses, used to the hard tracks

of this country or the almost equally hard

turf courses of England, are apt to fail in

France where the grass track over which

the races are run is sprinkled every morn-

ing. The best care is taken of the turf in

France with the idea of keeping the track

soft, almost mushy at times. English and

American horses that have made the jour-

ney to France usually flounder about in

the deep grass and do not perform up t

their highest notch. On the other hand French horses that have been sent over to

England frequently find the harder and fastar tracks much to their liking.

"The system of training in France differs materially from that in vogue in America. Two-year-olds, for instance, are not sent

wand out the had once. As a rate in a trapell of haif a dozon two-year-alds one or two will forge to the front and gallop away from the others. It half a dozon young sters should finish close together the trainer figures that all of theto are of no account.

quire the art of riding racehorses. They

Cash Sloan was the only American boy

turf on the other side of the Atlantic.

Patsy Freeman, the American jockey

thought she could stand it no longer.

to say, neither one or them seemed to car whether she went or stayed whether she went or stayed.

This being so, she concluded to go along without further invitation. Sie would not go, however, without a fresh protest.

"Ef I go," she said, "'Twon't be kaze I wanter: it'll be bekaze I wanter take keer er you-all, specially dat ar baby."

"Well, come on, then," said the little old man. "We haven't far to go and not much time to lose." "Well, we are not dreaming now," said Buster John. "Let's go down the road and see if we can find the little old man." "An' den what?" inquired Drusilla, with suspicion in her voice. "Sposen you fin'

im, den what you gwineter do? "You can't eat 'im, an' you can't take 'im home wid you. Ef you can't do nothin' wid 'im, what you want wid 'im? "I bet you de man is doin' mighty

old man. "We haven't far to go and hot much time to lose."

A panel of fence was down, and through this Wally Wanderoon went, followed by the chikr.n. On the other side of the gap there appeared to be what is called widout you, an' so long ez dat's de what you want ter fool wid 'im fer?" "Oh, come on and don't talk so much, said Buster John impatiently. we are talking here he may be getting

the siender trunk.

"Here's our starting point," said Wally
Wanderoon. "Catch hold, and mind you
don't fell off when we get started good."
Billy Biscuit, as if he were used to making away. "I hope he'll hit you a crack on de shins wid his walkin' cane," exclaimed Drusilla, with great earnestness. "You-all ain't go no mo' business foolin' wid dat man dan

you got flyin'." But Drusilla's protests were overborne and if she went along it was through sheer force of habit, and not because she had any cesire to go. She had a very vivid remembrance of their former adventures, and

Billy Biscuit, as if he were used to making the trip, began to laugh, as he grabbed the little old man's coattails. The others, following the example set them, caught hold of the trunk of the tree.

"Now, then," said the little old man, "are you ready? One, two, three!"

At first there seemed to be no movement, but presently the children saw the trees and the ground g lding slowly by them. The fence which they had just come through joined in the movement, and then everything seemed to be going faster.

The trees and the woods went whirling by them; and then, all of a sudden, they salized that they, and not the fences and felds, were moving; not only moving, but the grade of the salized that they and not the fences and felds, were moving; not only moving, but the grade of the salized that they and not the fences and felds, were moving; not only moving, but the grade of the salized that they and not the fences and felds, were moving; not only moving, but the grade of the salized that they are a saligned trainshe always said that she'd rather have the nightmare every night than go through them again. The children had no difficulty whatever in finding the little old man. Indeed, as Drusilla suggested, it seemed that he had been waiting for them. He certainly left

nelds, were moving; not only moving, but flying more rapidly than a railway train-and yet, they were holding onto the pine sapling, and when they looked down at their that impression on their minds. When they came up with him he still poking with his cane in the fence corners. He turned about when he heard them coming and laughed

He had a most comical countenance; he seemed to be always on the point of winking familiarly at those to whom he talked, but he never winked. When just about to do so he would catch himself and immediately look sober and serious This made his appearance all the more

thought she could stand it no longer.

"I dunner what gwineter happen," she said in a frightened voice, "but I know mighty well dat I'm bleedge ter turn loose. My head done got ter swimmin an' I ain't right well, nohow."

"Shut your eyes," suggested Wally Wanderson. He had laughed or smiled so much that there were deep furrows between his nose and his cheeks, and he had a funny looking wart on the side of his face, just above "Now, then." said Wally Wanderoon,
"you are in my country. You may see some
queer things, but you need not be afraid;
there is nothing to harm you."

The first queer thing that attracted their
attention was discovered by Drusilla.
Looking about her with great interest and
curiosity, she found that everything was
down hill. Thus a tree, which appeared
to be down hill, when it stood in front,
would also appear to be down hill when you
passed it and looked back.

Drusilla was not a scientist, but she saw
at once that something was wrong, and his chin. Such a countenance, topped by a tall stove-pipe hat, was very promising and Sweetest Susan would have clapped her hands in ecsta y if she hadn't been afraid that the little old man would have misunder-

He turned about and looked at them very brightly. Three howdies and a half!" he exclaimed

stood her meaning.

Drusilla was not a scientist, but she saw at once that something was wrong, and she endeavored to look forward to results.

"Ef you want ter worm you'se'f off'n creation, den start one way, an' den turn roun' an' go back, an' keep on doin' dat a-way, kaze when you start down hill you think it's up hill behine you, but when you turn roun' an' look back it's down hill befo' an' behine. Now, what you gwine ter do when dat's de case? How you gwineter git back whar you start from?" "Is it good morning?" Sweetest Susan looked at Buster John Buster John looked at Wally Wanderoon and Drusilla looked at first one and then the other. As for Billy Biscuit, who was the biggest man in the crowd, according to his own estimat on, he looked at no one, but began to hunt for a bird's nest.

Finally, Buster John began to understand what the little old man meant, and he told him good morning very politely. The others followed his example, and the little which Drusilla's sagarity had forceseen old man began to smile again. It was so simple, indeed, that she wondered she had not thought of it herself. She observed that both Wally Wanderoon

"I thought it was a good morning." said; "yes, I ad that idea. I though, too, that when a fellow gives out three howdies and a half, he ought to be entitled to at "What do you mean by three howdies

behind them, they found on level ground.

"Dev ain't no tellin' what we gwine ter do nex'." Drusilla declared with some show of indignation. "We er walkin' show of indignation. "We er walkin' show of indignation." I bet 'twon't be long sideways now, an' on our all-fours, et and a half?" inquired Sweetest Susan. "Why, three for you larger ones, and a half for the little chap. Suppose I had given him a whole how ty all by himselfwhat would he have done with it? Economy is the word. Why, when I was young- be paused, waved his cane, sighed, and then turned his attention to poking and prodding in the fence corners. "What are you looking for?" asked Buster John.

"Why, it's the simplest thing in the world." replied Wally Wanderoon. "I am looking his fourth campaign there this season for the Good Old Times we used to have." The Good Old Times!" excisimed Buster John in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; nothing less. Talk about gold mines! Why, if I could find the Good Old Times we used to have, I'd be the richest man in the world before the end of the week. "I'd divide 'em up with the people I met in the road, and they, in return, would give me everything they had. I know men. and women, too, who would give everything in this world if they could get back their share of the Good Old Times we used to have.

"Why do you search for them here?" toquired Buster John, who was somewhat "Why not here as well as elsewhere?"

answered the little old man. This seemed to be reasonable, and Buster

John made no reply.
"More than that," the little old man went on, "if I could find'em here I'd unfold

em right before your eyes, so you could see what they look like: I certainly would. and I wouldn't charge you a cent. Oh.
they do be well worth seeing, the Good Old
finnes we used to have. The sight of them
would make your mouth water.
"I dunner what you-all talkin about,"
remarked Drusilia, but it sho, would take
sumo'n more dan oil times for ter make my

sumo'n mo' dan of times for ter make my in uf water.

Wally Wanderoon looked at the negro sid as if he wanted to tip her a humorous wick, but he caught himself just in time, and, instead of winking, lifted his eye-prows so high that his tall hat was in danger of tilting off.

'It's all right,' he said. 'The Painter that painted you painted us all, I reckon some one color and some another, and some

ome one color and some another, and some

"My manniny say dat it don't make no diffunce how black yo' is, ef yo' heart is in a right place," said Drustlia very sol-

Two-year-olds, for instance, are not sent to the post until the middle of summer, when they are strapping big fellows, perfectly broken, each one knowing just what is required of him. When they face the barrier they are like a lot of cows. They stand still and behave themselves. But what they have to pass through before they reach the age of reason is pieuty. Before they are ever mounted, the youngsters are schooled around the paddock with saddles on their backs. The stirrups are so arranged that they will int the youngsters to the fanks as they jug around the only
"speaking of the right place," remarked
is little old man, "reminds me that it
about time for me to go home
"Where do you live?" Inquired Buster Not sir/ far, if you count it by minutes,

not a considerable step if you count it by intice. Perhaps you'd like to go with one the said looking at all of the young-Can we come back when we choose?

are so arranged that they will hit the youing sters in the flanks as they jug around the ring. They seem become used to this cort of thing and when the trainer is ready to put a low on the back of a horse the animal is usually willing to accept the situation in a matter-of-fact sect of way.

Then they are prepared for the races in squade of half a decrease much boys receive so frames even for rising in those events. It is a race from start to ficials after the first trial or two and gradually the trainer will send out the had once. As a rule in a touget of half a decrea is very service in a touget. Swantest Superi by cortainly but if you are alrest

Me li do doclared Billy Biscuit
You all her an east for you Fi
Not doct rome back fil drive to peny
tome an tell to manning what I seen

you has "Mire down't have to come," and the other aid most, with the pleasant emile "like's free to go or stay. The time missentiating but you two can tell her about when you get have a being at when you get have. Been firmally was perhaps more anxious to go than any of the others, but she warded doe wanted Buster doin to brain Bernange.

DOWN WENT THE MERCURY And Back the Skipper Took Everything He Had Raid About the Barometer.

"It was on a voyage from New York to Galveston in a three-masted schooner that I noted the dependence of the skipper on the glass," said an amateur mariner. were held at anchor off Communipaw for several days by a howling northeaster. The captain did not seem to take much notice of the barometer, so I ventured to ask him if he placed much faith in it.

"'Well,' he answered, in a confident tone, 'not a great deal: I sets more store by the visible signs of the weather.

"That seemed a somewhat remarkable statement for a mariner, but I dropped the subject and thought no more of it until one afternoon when we were down in the Gulf of Mexico. "We were sailing before a light easterly

wind at the rate of about three knots an hour. A heavy bank of black thunder cloud was rising from the western horizon and frequent flashes of lightning were weaving a fiery network over it. From time to time the rumble of distant thunder rolled over the oily surface of the sea.

"The captain, who had been below since "The captain, who had been below since dinner, came on deck and stood by the man at the wheel. He scanned the horizon long and critically, looked aft to note the signs to windward, leaned over the starboard rail to guage the speed of the vessel and then went below.

"Almost immediately I heard a cry of mingled astonishment and alarm in the cabin. I sprang to the companionway and met the captain hurrying up the steps. His face was ashen.

"'My God, man!' he exclaimed before I could ask a question, 'the bottom has dropped out of the glass!"

"He shouted 'All hands on deck!' and gave hurried orders to strip the vessel of all

"He shouted 'All hands on deck."
hurried orders to strip the vessel of all sail. The men on deck scurried about and the watch below came tumbling on deck. In a trice the halliards were let go and the In a trice the halliards were let go and the sails came down on the run, nearly all together, while men scrambled up the ratlines to furl the topsails.

"In the midst of this confusion I went below to look at the glass. It stood against

the trunk of the mizzenmast at the foot of the companion steps. The captain had spoken truly. The mercury had shrunk out of sight. It was not visible even be-

out of sight. It was not visible even between the interstices of the screen at the base of the instrument.

"I dragged myself back to the deck even more terrified than the captain. The cloud had risen perceptibly during the few minutes I was below. The forked lightning was playing fiercely and the ominous rumbling was growing louder and more frequent. To accentuate our terror was the thought that there were 125 kegs of gunpowder under the main hatch.

"The captain having given all the orders

"The captain having given all the orders eeded for the moment was leaning de-ectedly against the side of the cabin with his eyes fixed on the rising cloud. I went to his side and asked:

"Captain, did you ever know the glass to act that way before?"

to act that way before?"

"Never, sir, in all my sea going."

"The occasion was not conducive to conversation so it occurred to me, after a few minutes' silence, to see if I could find how ow the mercury had really fallen. I wen below and after a while by some trouble managed to remove the screen from the base of the barometer. I gave a call that brought the captain headlong into the "The extraordinary fall of the glass was

explained. It had not been caused by the weather. The bulb was broken and all of weather. The bulb was broken and all of the mercury had run out of the tube.

"The only mystery was how the bulb came to be broken, and that was never solved. The captain attributed it to the clumsiness of the steward, but the sus-pected man vehemently disclaimed any responsibility for the accident. I may add that the storm worked around to the north ard without our getting so much as a catspaw out of it."

WILL MOVE TO THE RAILROAD. Hope Deferred Leads Bloomington, Mo., to Seck's New Site.

MACON, Mo., Feb. 27 .- John and Jone Lewis, brother and sister, of Old Bloomington, drove over to Macon this week she's some black-eyed, thick-bodied beauty to pay their taxes. They had visited the that will look like that old hag of a chief's county seat once a year for this purpose removed from Bloomington to Macon as

a military expedient. They informed Collector William Stamper that this would be the last time he would receive taxes on real property from Bloomington.

"Looking for a cyclone up your way? asked Mr. Stamper.
"No; going to roll the town down to the railroad; that's all."

Mr. Lewis explained that the citizens had arranged to remove the twenty-five or thirty frame buildings of the old town two and a half miles to the northeast to a point on John W. Gates's Iowa and St.

a point on John W. Gates's Iowa and St. Louis Railroad.

Bloomington is ten miles in the interior. Its citizens have been praying for a railroad for fifty-two years. Lightning came their way six distinct times, but the old town seemed to be a sort of non-conductor and the railroads shied off in another direction. The preliminary survey of the lowa and St. Louis road went right through the town and the few remaining citizens built a bonfire and there was general rejoicing. Then and the few remaining citizens built a bon-fire and there was general rejoicing. Then the line was shifted two miles further east and disconsolation hovered over the de-caying hamlet. The last disappointment seemed to fill the cup to the brim. Then William Love, white-haired, bent with 80 years, but filled with the grim de-termination of the soldier that turns dis-aster into victory, called the citizens to-gether and said:

gether and said:
"For fifty-two years these railroads

have done everything they can to ruin our town and have well nigh succeeded. There ain't much of us left, but what there is is an't much of us left, but what there is is just as good people as sit on top of this earth. Now, if these fellows don't want to come to us, what's the matter with us going to them?"

The proposition was adopted Commit-tees are now at work seeking a favorable site for the town, which, instead of being colled fold Ricombuston as it has been

called Old Bloomington, as it has been for the last century, will be called New

Bloomington
In 1850 Bloomington was the county seat
of Macon county and the metropolis of
northern Missouri. Its first hope for a
railroad was in 1851, when Bob Stewart.

rairond was in 1951, when Bob Stewart, afterward Governor of the State, came over in the interest of a survey for the Hannibai and 8t doseph road Afterward coal was struck in the southern part of the county in such quantities that the managers decided to go there with their line.

Then came the Northern Missouri, now the Wahash, which was projected from 8t Louis to Bioomington, "slong the backbone of the State," the charter read. The road was constructed to Macon county in the latter 56s, but before it reached Bioomington some one pointed out that the backbone of the State was ten miles east, and the old town was again shut out.

Just before the war of itsel-65 some increyed men chartered a road from Alexandria on the Mississippi River, to Bioomington the war set season and Biomington. There was considerable grading done that the work was superided during the war and tweet resumed.

The 8t Louis and Gousha Air Line in the carry The came means giving Missenington.

The St. Louis and Grands Air lake in the carly 'the carne nearry giving Blocknington a railroad than any other line that had been projected their The day Cucke caused up accurate before the road was completed and the categories was allowed and in 1868 the Santa Fé Railroad made a curve; from its line in western Macon country to Blocknington for a spur track of the cool fells Blocknington made up to mind that if it could not get a trunk line a switch would do and hope again related to the cool for the day.

from the others repeatedly are selected to easy the colors of the stable in the stake that has had much a discouraging exempt to be decided. By the time the burde blows for a roal race French two-olds are perfectly trained. It is not to be wondered at that the roal colds are perfectly trained.

IN THE BREATH OF A CIGARETTE

Mining Prospector Does Some Love Making by the Way and Makes a Discovery.

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The mule Shultz rode pricked up its ears Down the trail there loomed an apparition At first it looked like a bundle of dirty. gay-colored rags. Then he saw it was SQUAW.

Who-o-o you-u?" she challenged him in a high, singsong treble.

"Who you?" returned Shultz good-naturedly. It was his disposition to learn more than he told.

"Me, big chief squaw. Him heap dead Long time woman me!" It sounded like a dirge. Shultz did no doubt that she was a hundred. She was ugly and squat. Her head was thatched with ash-colored hair, and her cheeks were

seamed with a thousand wrinkles Shultz had never seen a creature so uncouth and pitiable. He thrust his hand into his pocket. "Want a querter?"

She clutched it in her claw-like hand Her bright eyes glittered—it might have been with gratttude. She laid hold of his bridle. Her quavering falsetto was lowered to an eager whisper.
"You know N nn'e R? You know him?"

Shultz was stard d. The Nannie R was he mine he had come to inspect-perhaps to buy. And it was not his custom o advertise his mission. "You know Nannie R?

Nannie R heap sell you." With a warning shake of her gray head she loosened the rein and trotted on. She trotted faster than the mule could walk. When Shultz reached the town sh was alrea 'y gloriously drunk. So apparently was the rest of the camp, for it was Sunday

and the day of rest.
Shultz put up his mule and engaged room in the Forked Tail Hotel. He strolled about a little and philosophized. Then he returned to his room, lit his pipe and pre pared to write to the Denver schoolma'am. Shultz was a mining man, who travelled about "with money in his bootleg," a decent share of it his own. For the rest, e was a sober, methodical, German sort of fellow, whose Sunday habit was to write to he Denver schoolma'am to whom he meant o propose marriage some day.

The intention was not a new one, nor disquieting. If any one was anxious, it was not Shultz.

The letter, headed at Forked Tail, which Shultz wro'e to the Denver schoolma'am, began with the elevation and mean annual rainfall. Then he told about the shrewd old squaw, with a renewed wonder at her penetration. The incident gave tone to his letter, and carried him away from sta-

"I've got into-and out of-a lot of mining camps," he wrote, "but Forked Tail is the real thing. This is a good day to study social customs. "Religion here consists of taking a bath

on Sunday, and there be those that backslide. No wonder. There isn't a white woman on the river. The men seem content enough, though. "Now there's Romero, my landlord. He

isn't Spanish, though his name is—fortu-nately for his daughter. He sent her away to school, and is as proud as you please of

"They say she's the belle of the diggings and Tevis, the boss of the mine, dropped his fist on a man once on her account, and the man-well, he didn't testify. I suppose squaw in a few more years, but meanwhile

"There's a dance on for to-night, and I suppose one would see the beauty and the chivalry. I'm anxious to secure my samples and get away.

This mine, by the way, is reported promising, and I'm looking it up for myself. If it should really be as good as they say, and I should buy it, you know, and come here to develop it—— Shultz paused and puffed gently at his

pipe. There was romance in him, but it was the romance inherited from generations of pipe smokers and did not interfere with his heart beats.

The Denver schoolma'am would make

him an admirable wife. Through the soft wreathes he could see her, sensible and kissable and kind, enveloped in ruffled gingham and up to her dimpled elbows in dough! A memory of the breakfast he had eaten gripped him, and he laid down his pipe with a look that might have roused the interest of the Denver schoolma'am.

What he meant to write, history does not record. He laid his pipe on the window sill. The window was rickety, and the porch outside rattled and shook with the

lightest step. Some one came tripping up, the window fell with a bang, and Shultz's meer chaum, companion and inspirer of all his domestic reveries, was ashes and dust becore his

Shultz uttered a word not listed in German grammare for the young. And then, "I beg pardon," he said vaguely.

A face was framed in the window-a cool, slim, sallow, soft-cheecked little face, with eyes that bothered him. They were with eyes that bothered him. They were very dark and very deep-looking, like green water under a shadowing bank—the kind one braces himself lest he slip into. And Shuitz, who had all his life cherished the belief that a woman's eyes are given her to see with (with spectacles or without as the case may he) clutched at his hair and stared dizzity.

The girl laughed.

The laugh brought him back to the pipe. He loved his pipe, and he thought she was laughing as his misfortune.

"Too bad," she murmured. "Smashed!"

There was nothing between them. Her

All smashed."
There was nothing between them. Her blue-black hair parted over her veiled eyes like a curtain, and a comb set with barbaric brilliants glittered on her crown. He had not or seen a woman so small and slight as Too bad," she repeated sorrowfully

"An' there ien't another pipe in town "Her voice was soft and sturring, with a rising inflection that caught at one with an element of tendermes and pity, it was so untaught. His sortow for himself bagan to change a sorrow for her "It is tough," he confessed. "But don't you feet had.

Size charged her hands and looked at

For feet had been hands and looked at him the dark estimated little, little-hound thing.

I must feet had Man can I do? Oh, I now I have make you a signester.
She disappeared from the window and speared at the door Shultz set mute wrathful in the chair, in too great a

ever before had dured to make game tim like this. The impudent hume, thought rescutfully to attach because But of his regarettee against his will!
But of his ire the girl was immores! She got down tobacco pour; and matches, and then, with a pieased little gesture which included him, she lit upon his writing pad, and ture a next parallelogram from the

very sheet whereon he had commenced his momentous message to the Denver schoolma'am.

his momentous message to the Denver schoolma'am.
Shultz was paralyzed.
Now, it is a pretty art to make a cigarette. He followed her motions curiously. How judiciously she sifted the tobacco into the hollowed groove! How cleverly her fingers wound the paper around the weed! How slim her facile fingers were.
Suddenly, on her quick-moving fingers, he noticed a stain of yellow. A galling load slipped from his outraged ego. She was not making game of him. She also was a smoker of cigarettes.

Then Shultz brought himself back with a shock. He was puritanical. The girl was impossible.

"Look here," he said gruffly, "I never smoke those things. Neither cught you It's a shame for a girl to do a thing lik that. And besides..."

But she had raised the cigarette to her lips. He had not counted on that. A queer feeling swelled up in his bosom, oppressing his heartbeats and breathing.
The girl was looking at him with her shadowed, sea-green eyes swimming with tears of pain and astonishment. Then

shadowed, sea-green eyes swimming with tears of pain and astonishment. Then, with her lips still parted, she slowly lowered

with her lips still parted, she slowly lowered the cigarette.

"Go on," he implored her. "Finish it up!"
But she shock her head and started toward the door.

"I wasn't nize," she murmered shame-facedly. "You doan even know my name." Shultz caught her hands.

"What is your name? I want to know your name!"

your name!

"Let me by! I'm Nannie Romero—they call me Nannie R."

"Yes, I'll let you by. But finish it up for me—I want it, the cigarette. I must have it."

have it."

He was quite daft now, was Shultz, and he placed himself in her way with the reckless look which some women witness oftener in a lifetime than others. It may have been that he girl had known the look before. She sighed a little and moved again as if to pass him.

"Give it to me! You will, won't you, Nannie R?"

She gave it to him and passed out. And

Nannie R?"
She gave it to him and passed out. And Shultz, with a quick, indrawn breath, lifted the cigarette and kissed it, again and again, on the damp edge where her lips had touched it.
And that afternoon, because she did not

And that afternoon, because she did not appear again, he broke into the habit of years and got his samples from the mine. He had simply forgotten that it was Sunday. It was late when he returned. He had done a deal of thinking, which he imagined had profited him. But as he deposited the canvas bags containing his samples his ear caught the wall of a lone violin across the street and he knew that the dance was on.

dance was on. He sat down and prepared to finish his He sat down and prepared to finish his letter to the Denver schoolma am. Through the open window came laughter and the sound of dancing feet. Nannie R. was there, he told himself scornfully, powwing on the Sabbath night.

He bent his mind to the written pages and tried to shut out the thought of her, but the tune of the fiddle came between him and the comprehension of anything that was worded there. Never was siren's call as alluring as those fitful strains, and he stared at the letter despairingly, like

Ulysses on the mast. Shultz seized his pen and dipped into

the ink.
"Will you marry me?" he wrote desperately. "For heaven's sake, say yes!"

Then locking in his samples (so much of professional caution was left to him still), he plunged bareheaded down into the street to mail it to the Denver school-

ma'am.

The letterdrop was by the open door of the ballroom where the light streamed out. When the letter fell he felt anchored, saved. The half-breed doorkeeper touched

saved. The half-breed doorkeeper touched him on the arm.

"Ticket?" he said expectantly. "Two dolla'n half."

Shuitz paid the money and went inside. His moral fibre was weakened; it may have been that the late struggle of victory had thrown him off his guard. Certainly it was not what he had meant to do.

She was dancing with Walt Tevis, the young boss of the mine. Shuitz woke up to the danger of his position by finding himself horribly jealous.

He noted with a savage feeling that his rival was young and good-looking, and

low's mine. Then be decided that he would buy it, and make him get away. Then he ceased to think of him at all. In the whole roomful he had eyes for

only her. He could not have told what she wore, but he knew that she looked lovely. and that the brilliants were still in her hair.

The dance ended, and Shultz pre-sed to her side.
"Nannie R.," he murmured, "may I have

"Nannie R." he murmured, "may I have the next?"

"Mine," said Walt Tevis, aggressively. "Her dances are all promised."

But she slipped her arm into the arm of Shultz and they were on the floor.

His dancing marked him a true son of the Fatherland. He had music in his soles, and possessed a religion for pumps and wax. But that night he was not conscious of rough boards or heavy boots, but only of the soft slim thing his arm encircled.

He noted, with a sort of wonder, how perfectly her step glided into his. He thought there was something divine and intimate in it, something that belonged to just those two. He did not know that she had learned her art, with much labor, at the high-class boarding school.

The fiddle's strains seemed to him like the music of the spheres, and the glittering comb beneath his eyes like a star cluster from the galaxy, and the part in her hair like the crescent moon, and the breath of it like the night wind out of the fragrant dark.

He wanted to say those things to her.

dark. He wanted to say those things to her It seemed in a way that he was saying them. But the close touch of her was enough in itself for his stunned mind to

Her little head drooped listlessly on his "Take me home," she breathed. "I

"But your other dances?" I don wan'to dance with that Tevis,
I don like conceited men. An' anyhow,
I'm tired.
Once in the coolness of the street she
revived like a flower, and straightened

"I doan like that Tevis. He named his mine from me. Wa.n't that conceited?"
"Perhaps I'll buy the mine of him, and then I'll be glad he did."
They walked a few steps in sitence.
"Where were you all afte noon?"
"Out at the mine getting samples."
"I looked for you, she confessed, shyly.
Shultz's heart beat faster, but he steadied himself.

Shultz's heart beat faster, but he stoadic himself

"My time is so short. I go to-morrow."
He hoped it would startle her. It did.

"Oh, why down you wait?"

"Do you want me to?" he whispered.

"But why down you what do they say!

assay it here?"

"Bere?"

"Here?"
"Dad has a little office. It would save you time. Dad has a what do you say?
a buckin 'sboard' We'll begin to-night!
I will help you!"
The little hand on his arm pressed engerly childship, and Shultz laughed and little it with holdness. The idea of a grinding samples, that sim, pale little thing with the rounded wrists and polished finger nation.

campies, that silm, pale little thing with the rounded wrists and polished singer natis!

"How will you help me, Namie R." he muratured "Will you make me eigerettee all that I can smoke? Will you can't dom up, and light them for me, and sit where I can see you? Will you Namie R."

His other hand closed over the captured one, that fluttered excitedly, tike a little laid.

"Yes, I'll make you digarettee and light them for you, at sing to you, an' help you every way? Ouly let go my han?"

He let it go, and she flitted away, with a laugh tossed back to him.

The memory of that evening was one that would stand forever slone in the pipesemoker's mind with undiminished vivid ness It had never been caught before in the any furness of the eigers is.

He brought his earoples down and ground them on the barishing beard he didn't remember how She didn't grind for him at all, or come non where he worked, but eat making him eigerettee or smoking thesis herself.

The was gay, laughing, daring, and yet so

infantile, the soft-cheeked little thing. She rolled his cigarettes and lit them from her own, and he smoked while he toiled-hundreds of them, it might have been.

hundreds of them, it might have been. Afterward when he went back to count the stumps, something had become of them, though the dusty office had not been swept. He had only the burnt stump of the last one she had kissed and given to him—he had slipped it into his bosom. Poor, sober, German-hearted Shultz. She was wrapped in a great striped shawl, pale red and dull moss-green. It was barbarous, bizarre, but when she put it on it was herself, the coral of her lips, and the green of her shadowy eyes. Then she stood up, shivering prettily.

"I'm cole!" she fretted. "Le's throw up the job!"

It was impossible to resist her.

up the job!"

It was impossible to resist her.
"Sing to me," he pleaded. "You said
you'd sing."

She looked at him oddly. He did not She looked at him oddly. He did not know that she sang as she danced, with a perfectness acquired at the high-class boarding school. He only knew that her voice was soft and slurring, and sweeter to him than any music he had ever heard.

"You mayn't like my songs. An' you won't understan'. You know I'm Indian, doan you? My gran'mother, she was a Princess, oh, miles an' miles away. A great chief came an' saw her. He carried her away."

She pulled a feather from the duster in the corner and stuck it in her har. It

She pulled a feather from the duster in the corner and stuck it in her har. It nodded and swayed and beckoned. Then, without a word of warning, she sank down

at his feet.

Quisi eko cada toochee?
Otto hopee! Ma na more!

Her child's face was tilted wistfully, and the feather cast a shadow across her brow. Her little hands beat together like the fall of rain or dead leaves, and her body swayed before his dizzied sight.

How the song was to linger in his heart after it all was over? How he was to hear its little notes of longing in the pine trees after that. "Cooda katima? Ma na more!"

Her little languid hands, so pale against after that. "Cooda katima? Ma na more!"
Her little languid hands, so pale against the heavy background of her shaw! The sweet drone of her voice over the minor melody, so full of longing, so full of mystery! She might have been singing of passion and yearning, of love coming at last, with moccasined feet, treading upon pine needles—

pine needles--

Ma na more! Ma na more! She was such a little, heaped-up, sadeyed thing at his feet there, so easily lifted up and comforted! So easily folded to one's breast, with both one's arms!

"Nannie R! Nannie R!"

He was kneeling before an empty place—she was gone. And outside he caught

she was gone. And outside he could be the echo of a little mocking laugh. the echo of a little mocking laugh.
Shuitz bought the mine. The assay was remarkably good, and he didn't even bond it. The deal was consummated at the county seat. Walt Tevis pocketed about five thousand or so and strolled down the street toward the station and Shuitz mounted his mule and set out for Forked Tail.

About a mile from toward the station and should a point a mile from toward the station.

About a mile from town the mule pricke About a mile from town the mule pricked up his ears. An apparation loomed in the trail before him. In the gathering dusk it looked like a bundle of gay-colored but dirty rags. On nearer vision it proved to be a squaw.

"Who-o-o you-u?" she challenged him in the familiar high, sing-song treble.

"I'm Shultz," he answered abstractedly.

"Let me go by."

The old creature clutched at his bridle rein and peered up into his face.

rein and peered up into his face.
"You know Nannie R? You know him?"
"I bought the Nannie R," he said, impatiently. "Here's a quarter. Now let

"I bought the Nannie R," he said, impatiently. "Here's a quarter. Now let me by."

She clutched the quarter, peered at him again and broke into a fit of weird and frightful laughter.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho, ho, ho! Nannie R heap smart gran'gir!! Nannie R heap sold you!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Nannie R heap sold to me. And if you promise not to use it for whiskey, Ill give you a nickel more. Now the time by!"

She let him go by. But down the hill the sound of her uncanny merriment fol-lowed him.

"Nannie R heap smart gran'gir!! Nannie R heap sold you!"
The Forked Tail hotel seemed quiet-

empty, somehow. Romero met him and looked glad to see him. Shultz wondered hy he should seem so lonesome. His room was ready, but Shultz lingered bout. Finally he asked for Nannie R about. Finally he asked for Nannie R The little man broke down. "Haven't you heard yet? She's gone—

"With Tevis—gone to Mexico. I suppose. He has a gold mine there. Though why they should elope I can't make out. I never made no row, though I did say that his mine here wasn't much—never thought it would bring the figure it did. Going to your room now? Your mail is on the table."

His mail was on the table, and hel? hour or so later Shultz examined it. Amor g the letters was a package addressed in neat vertical script, and postmarked Denver. Inside was a handsome meerschaum pipe, the twin of his old companion in domestic reveries. And tucked shyly in the case with it was a message which would mean a white tie rome day at high noon for Siultz, instead of the rolling collar of a name! shirt. The Denver school reverse had sent them both.

collar of a nannel shirt. The Denver school ma'am had sent them both.

Shultz filled the pipe slowly with the weed he loved, and leaned back in his chair. The smoke curled up in tranquil clouds, and hovered about his head. A look of bliesful contentment came upon his face. Shultz, the pipe-smoker, had returned to his lost estate.

The pipe burned low and the smoker opened his vest. From the inner pocket, above his heart, he took the small burnt stump of a cigarette. Carefully uncurling the paper he sifted the contents into his hand and studied it intently.

Adhering to the weed were certain tiny

the paper he sitted the contents into his hand and studied it intently.

Adhering to the weed were certain tiny spects of yellow, that glittered as the lamplight struck them. He recalled a famous case of mine salting that he had heard about, and his mind went back to that evening over the bucking-board.

The fumes of those cigarettes had mounted to his brain, but their ashes had failen into his samples. And it was costly tobacco that Nannie R had used.

He gazed at the dust attentively for a time, and then, still smiling a little, he pinched it up and put it superstitiously

pinched it up and put it superstitiously into his pipe. Add with a look of pious desire he resumed his smoking, puffing

Proposal to Form an All-College Baseball Team.
NEW HAVEN, Feb. 28 - J. Harmon Bronson

of this city the owner of Announda and other coming to the bar to take a drink is not alone among the Western nis guests many of the proposests have for phenomenon is noted to take a drink is not alone among the Western phenomenon is noted to the bar to take a drink is not alone among the Western nis guests many of the proposests have for his guests many of the prominent Yale base-ball players of the past few years to discuss plans for the organization of a team of means. plans for the organization of a team of practi-cally all college men. This team will be known off the next, practising the as the Edgewoods of New Haven, and it is possing before the mirror to find planned to have a series of games with Yale. of lowners for a ball gove is the and all the other colleges in the East. Among raiment that befite the these who will be at the conference will be revell r. The application Johnny Garvan, who pitched for the Vale t areity lest season and Raymond G Guernsity time. Then there are Paul Welton, subthat contains on heat year a vale time Danny that contains yair a left fielder of 'w' and Kny that contain of the figure nine three years ago, i ster with the New York National Longuit and it present commercial with the Bridgeport Y M & A It is understood that Tate studies of the finest first basement that ever played on an Andover nine, will be one of the team.

Fufte f allege Haseleall Sebesiule. Yesterday afternoon Manager breeze of the Fofts Foliege toochall tento announced

the actualize for the second of 1908. First France, captain of the Buston Satisfied Langue team has been engaged as conch and will continue conclude engaged as conch and will continue conclude until the Boston term gues booth. The schedule ages touth. The schedule ages fout. I Yate at her Haven I Manhattan at Again 1 Vale at her Haven I Manhattan at Again 1 Vale II Hady Come at Valence in I leas a Contrar of Total I Hady Come at Valence in the Course of Total I Ambient at Ambient Paradornal I Ambient at Ambient at Total E. Am

TRIP TO JOLLY LAND.

In Which He Tells of the Cannibals and His Narrow Escape From Being Eaten.

I had heard the fishermen say that somewhere in the China Sea was an island inhabited by cannibals, and that many fishermen whose boats had been blown far our to sea by storms had been captured and

ENGLIS

LONDO from Ro and Bra monopol that the Governments raised 30

eaten by these islanders. The stories had not frightened me, as I knew the cannibals never approached the shore, and that there was no fear of my ever meeting them.

The wind held steady for me on the night saw the mermaid, and, though I had to manage the boat, I caught a few winks of sleep now and then.

If I had not been born jolly I should

have felt very lonely out upon the wide sea by myself and darkness all around. but as it was, I sang and whistled and laughed, as on the previous night, and the hours slipped away and daylight finally came. Scarcely had the darkness begun to fade

away when an island loomed up in front of me. It was covered with trees, and near its centre was a very high hill. It was almost high enough to be called a mountain I could not tell whether I had arrived at the island of Jolly Land, or whether this was some other island. Never once did the thought come to me that it might be the place where the cannibals lived. I sailed in close to shore looking for a

good spot to land, and, though I kept a good lookout, I saw no people. I thought t was so early in the morning that none of them was yet awake, and coming to a sandy beach I ran my boat ashore and got out to look around. The ground was covered with green

grass, and there were many trees bearing wild fruit. A stream of cold water ran down to the sea just where I landed and when had taken a drink and eaten some of the fruit I felt so good that I began to sing and laugh. If I had only known what danger lurked there I should have been as quiet as a mouse. It wasn't more than five minutes after I began to laugh when I saw a dozen naked

I began to laugh when I saw a dozen naked savages dodging around in a grove not far away. Each one was armed with a club, and as I stood there staring at them they brandished their weapons and uttered such shouts that my hair stood on end.

Knowing them to be enemies, and suspecting they might be the cannibals of whom I had heard, I ran to my boat and jumped in and pushed off. The men were almost upon me as I left the shore, and I saw that they were as black as negroes and as fierce as tigers. They danced about and yelled like Indians, and I put up my sail in a hurry and headed out to sea.

As I had seen no canoes on the shore I felt safe when I was half a mile from the beach, but lo! three boats came paddling after me as I looked around.

They had been concealed in the bushes further down the shore. There were six natives in each craft, and they were determined to capture me.

mined to capture me.

I held my boat before the wind, that she might go at her best speed, but I soon saw that the canoes were gaining on me. If I had laughed before, I did not do any laugh-ing now. I knew that if I was captured I should be roasted and devoured by those

I should be roasted and devoured by those terrible-looking men.

My boat went through the water pretty fast, but the canoes sped faster, and when I was a mile and a half from shore, I could have thrown a stone over the nearest craft I had no weapons of any sort, but even if I had had a rifle or spear I should have been helpless to fight so many enemies.

I was saved in a strange way. As the canoes came on, and as the first one would have been up to me in five minutes more, some sort of a creature rose up out of the sea and clutched the craft and dragged it under. I cannot tell you what it looked like, as my face was turned the other way. I heard yells and shouts from the cannibals, followed by a great splashing in the canoes.

water, and when I looked around the cane

water, and when I looked around the cance was gone and two or three savages were swimming toward the other craft.

Whatever it was that had come to my rescue, it so terrified the savages that the two other cances immediately put back and made all haste to reach the shore, and I was molested no more.

I could see other people also-men, women and children—on the beach and they kept shouting and shaking their fists at me as long as I was in sight. It was a good two hours before I felt like laughing over my adventure and, perhaps, I did not laugh very heartily then.

In my next if you will read it you will learn of my arrival in Jolly Land and the curious manner in which I discovered the curious manner in which I discovered the right island.

To be continued

WESTWARD THE SWALLOWTILL And the Low Neck, but Not Too Low.

Gleams Unabashed in Kansas. From the Kansas City Journa! Slowly but surely western Kansas is losing Slowly but surely western Ransas its distinctive social characteristics by neutral under the threshom of the dominal Past. It is related by the Hays City Reput Ricen that at a banquet given by the Massin bodies of thet town one night last week no less than six gentlemen appeared in cost de riquere, or, to put it in the language the region, "spike-tail coats". This was first function in Hays at which the spike made its appearance. For a number of years there have been men in Hass sho were possessed of the garments, but they were cloistered sacredly from the local eye and kept only for use when the is broken and no future function is will be without the swallow tail. The of local custom have been broken breakaway has been had from the period when the ballroom attire was composed of boots, spurs, somisix-shooters, and when the height manners was to invite your girl at revelly The spikelad coats it already number eight although owners lack the contage to we home A carrell coats located pristy drawer out round the selling pretty disple over the collaboration of the best of the selling owners are in the gowner that are we when their owners are in the gowner that are very low that the host who we that are very low that the host who we triffe manny, never done to an eight the first worth marking at the first worth marking that the women of western in greater rejuctance to the action of the present relating to the action of the present relating to the cost of the first approximately action of the present of the cost of the first approximately described to the cost of the present of the revelly. The applicand coat

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